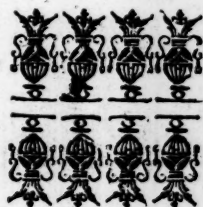


THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL;

Translated by a
Person of QUALITY.

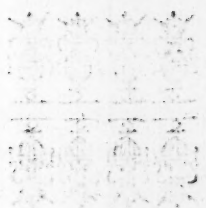


LONDON,
Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in
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THE
FOURTH BOOK

VIRGIL

Parson of QUALITY



LONDON:
Printed by R. DODD, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.
1741.

I

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL.

NEXT will I sing Ethereal drops refin'd,
The Heavenly Gift of Honey to Mankind.
Mecenas, do not thou this part neglect;
Nature is wondrous in her least effect:
Let me the Customs, Laws, Race, Wars relate,
And valiant Captains of this winged State.
The Subject's Humble, but the Glory's Great,
When of low things we can sublimely treat:

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

First for your Bees a Seat and Station chuse,
Sheltered from Winds, and where no Cattle use ;
For they in Winds cannot bring home their Food :
Nor let the Dew from off the Flowers be trod
By Sheep or Goats ; let no young Heifer in,
With wandring Feet to crush the rising Green ;
Suffer no little greedy Bird to live,
Nor spotted Lizard, near your fruitful Hive ;
Nor Progne's Race admit, who long since stain'd
Her feather'd Bosom, with her bleeding Hand ;
Least in their Bills they bear the Swarm away
To their own Nests, a sweet, though cruel, Prey.
But let Clear Fountains, Mossy Pools be near,
And a small Brook his murmuring Passage wear
Between the grassy Banks ; let the Hives be
O'ershaded by some Palm or Olive Tree ;
That when new Kings first lead their Troops abroad,
And the glad Youth forsake their dark aboad ;
They on the Neighbouring Banks may shun the heat,
Or find on shady Boughs a cool retreat.

Whether

Whether the sluggish Waters make a Pool,
Or in weak Streams, with gentle murmur rowl,
Throw in some Boughs and Stones where they may
stand,

And to the Summers Sun their Wings expand.
If by *East* Winds, dispers'd in their short flight,
They headlong on the Water's surface light.
Plant Cassia's spicy, verdant shrub hard by,
With Thyme and stronger smelling Savory ;
And near some running Fountain, on moist Beds,
Let early Violets hang their paler Heads:
But let your Hives, whether of Barks of Trees,
Or bending Osier have small Passages,
Lest Cold condense, or Heat the Honey warm,
For both extreame may equally do harm.
Nor is't in vain ; so artfully they line
Their Cells with Wax, Herbs, Leaves and Flowers joyn,
Closing with certain Glue, their Frontiers, which
For that small use excels *Idean* pitch.

If

4 *The Fourth Book of Virgil.*

If Fame say true, sometimes they under Ground
 Dig themselves Nests, sometimes again they're found
 Deep in old hollow Stones, or in the Trunk
 Of some bare Tree, with Age and Winter shrunk:
 To stop the gaping Crannies of their Hive,
 Of Leaves and Mud a yielding Paste contrive.
 Let no dire Yew, her baneful Shadow spread
 Near their small House ; no filthy Crabs grow red
 In crackling Flames, infect the Neighbouring Air ;
 No odious smell of Mire, no Fen be near.
 Echo that babbling Nymph be far away,
 And hollow Caves that with lost Accents play.
 When under Ground the Sun makes Winter fly,
 And with his fruitful Light expands the Sky,
 They spread o'er every Forest and dark Wood,
 Sip of each Stream, and taste of every Bud :
 Then back with Vernal Sweets, refresh'd they come,
 New build and people their beloved Home.
 Next in their artful Combs fresh holes they drill,
 Which with tenacious Honey soon they fill.

VWhen

When thou look'st up, and seest 'em all above,
In a thick Cloud before the Wind to move,
Through yielding Skies cutting their liquid way,
No more they mean in their own homes to stay :
Think then of the next Water or green Wood,
For there they'll swarm, if not by Art withstood.
Press then each Herb of grateful smell and taste,
Before 'em Mint and Honey-suckles cast.
Let Brass and Old *Cybile's* Cymbals beat,
Till to their Medicin'd Hives, they of themselves
retreat ;

But if to flight they go, as oft their Kings,
With mighty discord, war for trivial things,
The vulgars Hearts thou early maist perceive,
Trembling for Rage ; and through the buzzing Hive,
A broken noyse, like that of Trumpets sound,
Till the hoarse Warlike-Hum the Camp go round :
Then shine their Wings, and each bold Warrior
Whets in his Mouth, and shakes his brandisht Spear ;

Still

6 *The Fourth Book of Virgil.*

Still near their King and his Pavillion all
 The bravest Flock, and for their Battle call
 At his Command in the early Spring they fly
 Out of their Hives, and in the open Sky,
 Meet in thick living Clouds, headlong they fall
 Not faster from a freezing Cloud the Hail,
 Nor drops the Acorn from the shaken Oak.
 The Kings their Camp and Squadrons overlook.
 Distinguish'd by their painted Wings they go,
 And mighty Courage in small Bodies show;
 So brave, that neither will the Field forsake,
 Till of his Foe he see the flying back:
 These Tempests of their Mind, this mighty Rage,
 A little Dust thrown up, will soon assuage:
 But if both Kings return, they vanquish'd lay,
 And their new Monarch let the Swarm obey.
 One bright with various Spots shining like Gold
 (For of the two sorts there are) this best and bold
 In Looks and Courage, gay with glittering Scales;
 Deform'd with Sloth, the other poorly trails

A gross inglorious Paunch ; as of the Kings,
Their Nations, Shape, are different ; and their Wings
Some foul and ruffet, like the Dust appear,
New spit on by some thirsty Traveller ;
Others all bright like lumps of shining Gold,
And equal Spots their painted Backs unfold :
These are the noblest kind, from these thou maist
Sweet Honey press, and of the smoothest taste,
Not only sweet and clear, but such as may
The roughness of the long press'd Grape allay :
But when the Swarms fly wanton in the Air,
And to forsake their empty Hives prepare,
Their rambling Minds with ease thou maist recal,
Clip their King's Wings : the labour is but small.
No great Attempt, if he once lag behind,
No airy march, no flight will be design'd.
From various Flowers let charming Odors rise,
And place the Garden's God before their Eyes :
Plant Thyme and Pines, from lofty Mountains torn,
About their House : Let Hinds, to labour born,

B

Set

Set deep, and water the feracious Shade :
 And now did not my landing Task perswade
 To slack my Sails, as to my Port I steer,
 Perhaps the Art of Gardening I'd declare,
 And rosie harvests of the *Pæstan* year,
 How their broad Leaves new water'd Endives rear,
 Green Parsly Beds, slow Daffadils, and how
 The bending Cucumbers to belly grow ;
 Nor the *Achanthus* wou'd in silence pass,
 You Mirtles, nor th' Ivies dire embrace ;
 For I under *Tarentums* lofty Towers,
 On yellow Fields, where slow *Galefus* pours
 His fruitful Stream, remember to have known
 A good old Man ; some Acres of his own
 He did possess, but neither fit to breed
 The useful Heifer, or the Flock to feed :
Bacchus no Tree of his vouchsaf'd t' adorn ;
 Yet his few Pot-herbs, overgrown with Thorn,
 Roots he preferr'd, and Poppeys newly blown,
 To all the Pomp and Riots of a Crown.

When

VWhen late returning from his VVork abroad,
VVith unbought Meats he did his Table load.
In the new Spring he cropt the earliest Rose,
And the first Fruit that wealthy Autumn shows ;
When even Rocks with cold fierce Winter cleaves,
And every Stream his icy Chain receives,
He the soft Sprigs of yielding Bearsfoot binds,
Chides the slow Summer, and slack Western Winds :
He first made fruitful Bees his early care,
Had many Swarms, whose Combs much Honey bare :
As many Blossoms as the Spring did wear,
So many Apples crown'd his ending year.
He could transplant, and with successful Toil,
Make Elms and bearing Plum-Trees change their Soil,
And Plants remove, such as might then afford
A grateful Shade to his small chearful Board.
To treat those things at large I here want room,
And therefore leave 'em to some Muse to come ;
And now proceed the Natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer

As a Reward, for following the shrill
Sound of *Cybile's* Priests on *Ida's* Hill ;
Till by their tinkling Cymbals they were led,
Where Heavens new exil'd King they found and fed.
Their Offspring they alone in common rear,
And their small City in like Houses share ;
Under eternal Laws alone they live,
Each knows his little Cell, and loves his Hive ;
Mindful of Winter, in the Spring takes pains,
To swell the publick Stock with private Gains.
Some Food provide, and by appointment scour,
O'er every Meadow, and each opening Flower.
Others at home their industry imploy ;
Tears of *Narcissus*, the too lovely Boy,
And lightest Gums from Barks of Trees they take,
The firm Foundation of their Combs to make ;
Those form the Wax, while these brood o'er the young ;
Others the Cells with Liquid Nectar throng ;
Some watch abroad, and of the Gates take care,
Observe Clouds, Rains, and Tempests in the Air ;

Of

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

11

Of the returning Swarm the loads receive,
Or force the idle Drones out of the Hive :
Hotly the work is ply'd through all their Cells,
Fragrant with Thyme, the new made Honey smells ;
And as the Cyclops, when they Thunder mold,
Of melting Wedges, some the Bellows hold,
Draw in the Winds, and force 'em out again,
From the dark Womb of the Bulls Nine-Fold Skin :
Others dip hissing Metals in the Lakes,
With their huge massy Anvils *Ætna* shakes :
In tuneful Strokes, their high rais'd Hammers fall :
Some turn with nimble Tongs, the glowing Ball.
So if small things I may with great compare,
Cecropian Swarms in their dark Work-house fare ;
Desire of Gains sollicitates all Degrees,
And makes 'em ply their several Offices ;
Care of the Town and Combs the Elder take,
And with *Dædalian* Art new Houses make ;
The younger late at night with labour worn,
And laden Thighs, from their days Task return.

Among

Among the Wildings, and fat Teils they feed,
Pale Violets, and the Osier's bending reed ;
All the same Labour, and same Rest partake.
Soon as 'tis day out of their Hives they break ;
And when th' Evening calls 'em from abroad,
Alike refresh themselves with Rest and Food ;
The House is fill'd with their returning Hum ;
But when into their inward Rooms they come,
A Sacred silence reigns throughout the Hive,
And all with sleep their wearied Limbs relieve.
In threatening Showrs from home they will not fly,
Nor trust, when East-winds blow, the lowring Sky,
But from their VValls, safe, short Excursions make,
And from the nearest Spring their VVater take.
VVith little Stones they poise their flight,
As reeling Barks by Ballast are kept right.
'Tis strange this sort of Life shou'd please 'em so,
VVhere kindly Joys of Sex they never know ;
To *Venus* never sacrifice, nor breed, —
VVith glad short Pangs, the Youth that must succeed ;
But

But from sweet Herbs, and Flowers adopt their young,
Choose Kings, and such as to their State belong;
Their little Cells, and Realms of VVax repair;
Sometimes on Flints, their labouring VVings they tear:
Under their load, some generously expire,
Of Flowers, and Honey, through too great desire.
Though their Lives seldom Seven years exceed,
Their Kind's Immortal, deathless is their Breed:
The ancient House and Families survive,
And a long faithful Pedigree derive.
Not *Egypt*, *Lydia*, nor *Hidaspis* shore,
Their Monarch more obsequiously adore;
VVhile he is safe, they all are of one Mind,
But if he fail, Faith, Laws no longer bind;
On their own Stores tumultuously they fall,
And of their Combs, destroy themselves the VVall;
He keeps them all in order, and in awe,
Him they admire, and guard, observe, obey,
Oft bear him on their Shoulders through the Air,
And a brave Death pursue in Arms and VVar.

Some

Some by these Signs, and these Examples taught,
Bees of th' eternal Mind to share have thought,
And of Ethereal Race ; *Jove* runs through all,
High Heaven, deep Seas, and the Earth's massy Ball ;
Hence Cattle, Men, all Animals receive
When they are born, the Souls by which they live.
All things at last to him return, none dye,
But when dissolv'd, to their first Causes fly,
And people once again their Native Sky. }
But if their little Stores thou car'st to sieze,
And force the Sacred Treasure of thy Bees,
First from thy Mouth large draughts of Water spout,
Then with thy hand extended smoak 'em out.
Twice they have Young, two Harvests in a year,
One when the lovely *Pleiades* appear,
And their new Light above the Ocean show ;
The other when those Stars feel Winters blow,
And to moist Northern *Pisces* leave their Place,
Hiding in stormy Seas their sullen Face.

With

With the least hurt provok'd, they arm for fight,
And painful Venom follows where they light :
Fixt in the Veins their Sting and Soul they leave,
And often die of the same Wound they give.
But if thou seest a cold hard Winter near,
And their low Minds, their sinking State declare,
Who doubts to spare their Stores, or will delay
To burn fresh Thyme, or cut some Wax away ?
Oft on their Combs, the unseen Lizards light,
And buzzing Moths disturb 'em in the night ;
Or sluggish Drones (on others Toil that thrive)
Or Wasps with their unequal Arms arrive.
Some filthy Worm gets in, or Spider sets
At their Hive's Mouth, her loose and deadly Nets.
The more they are exhausted, still the more
Their wasted Stock they labour to restore.

But if, perhaps (as Life will on the Bees
Bring our Distempers) with some new Disease

C

They

16 *The Fourth Book of Virgil.*

They languish, which no doubtful Signs declare,
A horrid paleness will their Looks impair,
And dusky Colours their sick Bodies wear.

Then bear they out great numbers of their Dead,
And in long Pomp, sad Funerals they lead,

Or dully hang, clinch'd in each others Feet:

At the Hive's Mouth, or to their Cells retreat,

Through cold or hunger, for their Work unfit.

Then heavier sounds are heard, and murmurs rise,

As when South-Winds breath on the bending Trees,

Or from dank Shores the ebbing Seas retire,

Or *Ætna* bellows, with inclosed Fire.

To burn *Galbanean* Fumes I would perswade,

And through fresh Pipes let Honey be convey'd;

So to restore 'em to their Strength and Food,

To mix the Juice of Galls, perhaps were good.

Dry'd Roses, and new Wines half boil'd away,

Clusters of Raisins, Thyme, and Centaury.

There is a Flower, which we in Meadows find,

And call'd *Amello* by the Country Hind;

By

By those that seek it, easie to be known,
Each single Root as many Branches crown ;
Yellow the Flowers, but as numerous Leaves,
The darker Purple of the Vilet cleaves ;
With it the Altars of the Gods are crown'd,
Rough to the Tasse, in fruitful Vallies found
By Shepherds, that near winding *Mella* dwell.
Boil this sound Root in generous White-wine well, }
Then Osier-pipes with the new Diet fill.

But shou'd the whole Stock fail, and none remain,
Whence a new Progeny might rise again,
'Tis time, the fam'd invention to unfold,
Of the *Arcadian* Shepherd, how of old,
From the bruis'd Blood of Heifers long slain, Bees
Have taken Life, and swarm'd out by degrees :
Here the whole Story shall at large have place,
While the long Fame, I to its Author trace :
For where the People of *Canopus* dwell,
And fruitful Waters of fat *Nilus* swell ;

In whose smooth Bosom painted Vessels ride,
Where ere it borders on rich *Persia's* side ;
Or with Seven Mouths do's the Plain Country drown,
As far as from parcht *India* rowling down,
Fat dusky Sand o'er *Egypt* to extend ;
All the vast Region on this art depend.
A place contracted for that use they chuse,
And the low House with narrow Walls inclose :
Of well wrought Tyles, four Windows they contrive,
To the Four Winds expos'd, that may receive
The Light obliquely ; then they choose a Steer,
Whose bending Horns proclaim his Second year ;
On him they sieze, and stop his struggling Breath
At Mouth, and Nostrils, beating him to death.
With his bruis'd Entrails his warm Hide they fill,
And thus inclos'd, they leave him for a while :
Fresh Boughs, Thyme, Cassias on his sides they throw,
Ere Western-Winds first on the Waters blow :
Ere Nature with fresh Colours paints the Fields,
Or on House tops the airy Swallow builds.

The

The clotted Blood and dissolv'd Bones, the while
Ferment, and into wondrous Creatures boil,
Who without Feet at first their Voices try,
And with new Wings in little Parties fly ;
Till they at last break forth, as when a Shower
Hot Summers Clouds on the parch'd Mountains pour,
Or as the Arrows from the *Parthan* Bow,
When twanging Strings first send 'em on the Foe.

What, God, my Muse ? Who first this Secret taught,
So far above the reach of humane Thought ?

The Shepherd *Aristæus* (as Fame says)
Keeping his Flock, through Famine and Disease
Forsook *Thessalian* Temple, and dismay'd,
Ran to the Sacred Rivers utmost Head,
And thus his moan to his bright Parent made :
Mother, *Cyrene*, Mother who dost keep
Thy watry Court beneath this Crystal deep,
Why dost thou say I am of heavenly Race,
And sprung from great *Apollo's* hot embrace,

Since

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

Since Fate pursues me thus? Is this thy Love?
 Why dost thou bid me hope a Seat above,
 Since in this Life that little Fame decays,
 Which I by Herds and Gardens thought to raise?
 With thy own Hand my thriving Woods destroy,
 Devouring Fire against my Stalls employ,
 Burn my full Harvest, kill my ripening Ears,
 Cut down my Vines and blast my coming years,
 Since my small Fame offends a Mothers Ears.

These sounds *Cyrene* through her Waters heard,
 While round her Nymphs *Milesian* Fleeces card,
 Stain'd with the richest Dye the Seas afford;
Drymo and *Xantho*, *Ephyre* the fair,
 Her Neck half cover'd with her flowing Hair;
Cydippe and *Lycoris*, one a Maid,
 The other rising from *Lucina's* aid;
Clio and *Beroe*, both Ocean-born,
 Whom well wrought Gold and painted Skins adorn;
 Bright *Deiopea*, *Arethusa*, who
 With Boughs and Woods has now no more to do:

To

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

31

To these fair *Clymene*, sings *Vulcan's* care,
Defeated by the amorous God of War:
From *Chaos* she the Loves of Gods relates.
Pleas'd with these Tales, while the soft Flax abates
From their swift Spindles, *Aristæus* cares
In doleful sounds, assault his Mother's Ears:
All rise astonisht from their green abode;
But *Arethusa* first above the Flood
Lifts her bright Head: The Crystal Waters bow'd,
And spying him afar, 'Twas not in vain,
Sister, she said, we heard a Voice complain;
Sad *Aristæus*, once thy dearest care,
See at thy Father's Spring stands weeping there:
By Name he calls thee cruel and unkind.
A Mothers Love here seiz'd *Cyrene's* Mind:
Lead, lead him in, she said, he is design'd
The sacred Threshhold of the Gods to tread,
At his command the wondring Rivers spread,
And a new Passage for his entrance made.

The

The Waters like a Mountain stood on heaps,
While he into their yielding Bosom leaps :
Down to the bottom, where amaz'd he sees
His Mothers Realm and Crystal Palaces ;
And as he goes admires the sounding Groves,
And hidden Lakes, through which the Water moves
With such amazing force, and under ground
Beholds the Rivers that our World go round ;
Phasis and *Lycus*, and the sacred Head
Whence the deep Waters of *Enipeus* spread ;
Whence *Aniena* and fam'd *Tyber* flow,
The stony *Hypanis*, *Mysus* and the *Poe*,
Than which no River runs a swifter Race
To his old Father *Neptune's* moist embrace.
Into her inmost Seat when they withdrew,
And her Sons needless Grief *Cyrene* knew,
The Nymphs clear Fountains for their Hands prepare,
And curious Towels of the finest Hair :
Some with full Cups, with Banquets some attend,
While in rich Smoak *Panchæan* Gums ascend :

Take

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

23

Take this large Bowl of Wine *Cyrene* cries,
And to the Ocean pour the Sacrifice :
To *Neptune* first, Father of all the Praise ;
Then Nymphs inhabiting the Woods and Seas ;
Pure Nectar thrice upon the Fire she throws,
And thrice the auspicious Flame up to the Ceiling rose :
Embolden'd by the Omen, thus she spake,
A Prophet dwells in the *Carpathian* Lake ;
Blue *Proteus*, whom a wondrous Coach conveighs,
And scaly Horses draw through yielding Seas.
His own *Palene* on th' *Emathian* Shore,
He visits : Now him, all we Nymphs adore,
And aged *Nereus* self ; for well he knows
What is, what was, what Fate will next expose :
So *Neptune* has decreed, whose scaly Flocks
He feeds beneath the Oceans craggy Rocks :
Him thou must seize, my Son, and bind him well,
Till thy Misfortunes cause and cure he tell :
For uncompell'd he nothing will declare,
Nor can his Heart be touch'd with humane Prayer.

D

When

24 *The Fourth Book of Virgil*

When thou hast seiz'd him, chain or use him worse,
 His shifts will fail before the God-like force :
 My self, when the Sun climbs the middle Sky,
 Plants scorch, and Cattle to their Coverts fly,
 Will bring thee where the aged Prophet lies
 Dissolv'd in Sleep and Sloth, and easie for surprize.
 When thou hast seiz'd and bound him, every Shape
 And frightful Form he'll vary, to escape ;
 One while he'll seem a Dragon or tusk'd Boar,
 Then shake his yellow sandy Mane, and like a Lyon
 roar ;
 Then crackle like a kindling Flame, or Slide
 Out of thy Chains like a declining Tide :
 The more he varies Forms, my Son, the more
 Urge thy success, and never give him o'er,
 Till vext through all his Forms, that Shape he keep
 Which first he wore when he lay down to sleep.
 This said, she with *Ambrosia* scents the Room,
 And 'noints his Body for the time to come.

The

The God-like Steam on his loose Tresses dwells,
And every Nerve with active Vigor swells.
Worn in a Mountain's side there is a Cave,
Where beat by ceaseless Winds the Waters rave ;
And into crooked Bays the Currents slide,
Of old a Port where Vessels us'd to ride :
Within lies *Proteus*, with high Rocks inclos'd.
In ambush here her Son the Nymph dispos'd :
For her retreat a distant Cloud she wove ;
Now *Syrius* scorcht the *Indians* from above,
And through the middle Sky swift *Phæbus* drove :
Herbs wither'd at his touch, and to the Mud,
His thirsty Beams drank up the boiling Flood ;
When *Proteus* rising from the Waves repair'd
To his old Cave ; on him the watry Herd
Of Sea-born Monsters their attendance pay,
And in glad leaps shake the salt Dews away.
Around the Shore the sleepy Sea-Calves lay ;
He, like a Herdsman on some Hill that lives,
When Night the lazy Cattle homeward drives,

And bleating Lambs the hungry Woolf provoke,
Reviews and tells 'em over, from his Rock:
Seeing his time, the bold Youth on him rush'd,
And with new Chains the aged Prophet crush'd.
He on the other side tryes every shape
And dreadful Form, whereby he might escape:
One while a Monster, Flame, and then a Flood.
Finding himself through all his Shifts pursu'd,
VVearied, o'ercome, his former Shape he took,
And with a Humane Voice at last he spoke:
Bold Youth, who bid thee to our Cave repair?
VWhat would'st thou learn? he said, VWhat mak'st
thou here?

Proteus, thou know'st thee no Man can deceive,
Deceive not others by the Gods high leave,
And their Command I came to know of thee,
What Heaven does for my wretch'd State decree.
Here the blue Prophet cast a dreadful look,
He grin'd, he gnasht his Teeth, and thus he spoke:

Some

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

27

Some powerful God with no light Wrath pursues
Thy fatal Crime ; now wretched *Orpheus* shews
His fierce Revenge, he this Contagion sent,
For his lost Wife too small a Punishment :
Unhappy Nymph, who while she headlong fled
Thy foul pursuit, on a loathed Serpent's Head
Set her last step, which then she could not see
For the long Grass, and for worse fears of thee :
At her sad fate, the *Dryades* with shrill
Shrieks and Complaints the neighbouring Mountains
fill.

The Towers of *Rhodope*, the *Gætan* Race,
The rough Inhabitants of Warlike *Thrace* ;
Pangæum, *Hebrus*, *Orithyia*, all
With their united Cries lament her fall :
He on bleak Sands, indulgent to his Fire,
Vanders alone, and with his mournful Lyre
Feeding his Grief, pining himself away,
VWith her he ends, with her begins the day.

The

The Jaws of *Tanarus*, Infernal Gates,
Dark Groves he past, where endless Terrour waits ;
Ghosts and their dreadful King does fearless view,
And Minds that never yet Compassion knew :
Charm'd with his Voice the airy People throng
About the Youth, and listen to his Song ;
Thick as small Birds to their dark Coverts fly,
When th' Evening comes, or the Tempestuous Sky
Pours down a Storm.
Mothers with Husbands, and the breathless shapes
Of once great Heroes, Virgins whom no Rapes
Or Marriage stain'd, Youth whom their Parents
mourn'd,
Before their Face to untimely Ashes turn'd.
All these with filthy Mud, rank ugly Weeds,
Such as alone infernal Water breeds,
Styx does Nine times surround the House of Fate,
And Snake-hair'd Furies in amazement fate.
Cerberus three Mouths were dumb, *Ixion's* Wheel,
And Winds that move it at his Song, stood still.

Now

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

29

Now he returning, had all dangers past,
And free'd *Eurydice* beheld at last
The long lost day again, following behind,
For so great *Proserpine's* Command did bind ;
Here Love, Youth, Joy to a short Phrenzy drive,
Th' impatient Lover, (could those Gods forgive,
How small a fault !) here fatally he staid
O'ercome, unmindful of the Vow he made :
VVith the first Glimpse of fresh Ethereal Light,
On the lov'd Nymph he turn'd his longing sight :
Here vanish'd all his Labour, and their Law
Those unrelenting Powers neglected saw.
Thrice did *Avernus* with dire noises sound,
And thrice again trembl'd th' infernal Ground ;
Orpheus, she cry'd, VVas ever Love so crost ?
How are we both by thy rash Passion lost ?
The Gods recal their Gift, and my weak sight
Shrinks at th' approach of Death, and endless Night.
Farewel, farewel for ever, now I go
Wrapt up in Darkness, to the VVorld below ;
Stretching

30 *The Fourth Book of Virgil.*

Stretching to thee, (dear Cause of all my Harms)
 No longer thine, alas! my helpless Arms.
 And at that VVord from his distracted sight,
 Like Smoak mixt with thin Air, she took her flight,
 Ne'er to return again. At the dear Shade
 In vain he catcht, and much he wou'd have said,
 Too late: For surly *Charon* wou'd no more
 Permit his Passage to the *Elysian* Shore.
 His VVife twice lost, ah, VVhither shou'd he move?
 VVith what soft Prayer invoke the Powers above?
 Or with what Tears the Shades? cold in the Boat,
 On the dark Lake she did already float.
 'Tis said Seven Months he did his Loss deplore,
 On the bleak Rocks of *Strymon's* Desert-Shore;
 Singing this sad Event of too much love,
 He softn'd Tygers, and made Oaks to move.
 As in some Poplar Shade the Nightingal,
 In mournful Strains, does her lost young bewail,
 VVhom some course Hind has newly stoln away
 From their warm Nests, unfeather'd as they lay.

Night

The Fourth Book of Virgil.

31

Night after Night, upon some Bough she sits,
And her sad Note no Moment intermits,
Which every Field and echoing Grove repeats :
No Love, nor Marriage charm'd his restless Mind ;
Alone he wanders, where the Northern Wind
Beats upon snowy *Tanais* chilling Shoar,
Where Ice ne'er fails, and ceaseless Tempests roar ;
There his lost Wife he mourns in doleful Strains,
And of the Gods and their vain Gift complains.
The fierce *Sicionian* Women thus despis'd,
As they the Feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
Full of their God, and boiling with disdain,
Scatter'd his bleeding Limbs through all the Plain.
From his firm Neck his gory Head thus torn,
Down the swift Stream of rapid *Hebrus* born,
Shreikt out, Ah poor *Eurydice*, and dy'd,
The echoing Banks *Eurydice* reply'd.
This said, he plung'd into his watry World,
About his Head the foaming Billows curl'd.

E

Her

Her anxious Son the fearless Mother chears,
Here end thy Grief she said, and needless cares:
This was the Cause of all thy Woe, the Crime,
For which the Nymphs, Companions of her prime,
Whom she in sacred Dances us'd to lead,
Among thy Bees that dire Contagion spread.
With Prayers and Sacrifice their Wrath appease:
Napean Nymphs invok't, forgive with ease.
Take four curl'd Bullocks of thy largest breed,
Whom now the Hills of green *Lycaeus* feed;
As many untam'd Heifers; and for these
Four Altars in their Sacred Temples raise:
Then from their wounded Throats let out the Blood,
And leave their Bodies in some shady Wood.
Soon as the Nymph *Aurora* gilds the Skies,
To *Orpheus* drowzy Popeys sacrifice,
With a black Lamb; then view the Grove again;
Eurydice, with a Calf newly slain
Thou shalt appease. Without delay he goes:
All she commands immediately he does:

Comes

Comes to the Temple, does the Altars raise ;
Four mighty Bulls of wondrous bulk he slays,
As many Heifers that ne'er felt the Yoke,
When from the *East* the Nymph *Aurora* broke :
He Worships *Orpheus*, to the Grove he goes ;
When lo a strange and wondrous sight arose.
From the Bulls Entrails Bees were found to hum,
And meet in Swarms from out the putrid Womb :
In moving Clouds to the next Tree they go,
And hang like cluster'd Grapes upon a bending Bough.
While thus of Plants, Tillage, and Herds I sung,
With *Cæsar's* thundring Arms *Euphrates* rung.
Just Laws he for the willing World ordain'd ;
By God-like Acts his Claim to Heaven maintain'd.
Me all that while sweet *Capua* did embrace,
Fam'd for th' inglorious Arts of lazy Peace :
Full of the Loves of Shepherds bold and young,
Under the Beechen Shade thee, *Tityrus*, I sung.

F I N I S.